

The Critic

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JANUARY, 1897.

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DAVID A. WELLS, LL.D., D.C.L.

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The Critic

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LONDON
FOR SALE BY
B. F. STEVENS
4 TRAFALGAR SQ

The Deep Wood

THE trees stand guarded, isolate,
The warders hover at the gate.
No smallest wandering loveliness
Goes hence, none ever finds access:
At June's blithe call, no vine may run
A tip to gild it in the sun;
The perfumed wind from off the field,
Before it enter here must yield
Its burden; sweetest meadow-flowers
Send never greeting to these bowers.
Young morn not yet has sprung with might
To cast thus deep his lance of light;
To moon and star is still unrolled
The mystery of these wizards old.
Ages uncounted shroud this art,
Time and the silence of God's heart.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

The Divided Task

IF I VENTURED to utter the first thought suggested to me by the review of Frau Laura Marholm's "Six Modern Women" in *The Critic* of Oct. 31, I should say that the author of the book had not covered the case. For, while insisting, and to my satisfaction proving, that woman is only a rib and therefore needs man (as the reviewer admirably puts it) to make her whole, Frau Marholm fails to realize, or sees no reason for mentioning, that man, too, is but a rib and needs woman to make him whole. I believe that the normal intellectual life of woman bears a close analogy to her normal physical life; I see only one way of completing her mental existence, and I find this to be equally true of man. So it would not be a difficult matter to go through "Six Modern Women" with a blue pencil, and, merely by changing the pronouns, make every other sentence apply to the other sex. Then the extracts in the review would read:—

"A man has no destiny of his own; he cannot have one because he cannot exist alone. Neither can he become a destiny, except indirectly and through the woman. The more manly he is and the more richly endowed, all the more surely will his destiny be shaped by the woman who takes him to be her husband. * * * * And if even the average man cannot attain to the full consciousness of his manhood without woman, how much less can the man of genius, in whom sex is the actual root of his being and the source whence he derives his talent and his ego? * * * * If there is a thing for which man is especially created—that is, unless he happens to be different from other men—it is love. A man's life begins and ends in woman. * * * * The more highly a man's mind and body are developed, the less is he able to dispense with woman, who is the source of his great happiness or great sorrow, but who in either case is the only meaning of his life. For without her he is nothing."

There is a certain sense in which the foregoing applies to man with even greater force than to woman: in general, a man's opportunities for mingling with women are much more numerous than a woman's opportunities for mingling with men. In the course of his life the average man forms a dozen friendships tending more or less to marriage, where the average woman forms but one. Even admitting that, owing to her emotional nature (and it is an open question whether, after all, hers is the more highly developed), any friendship she forms is likely to influence her more profoundly than any one friendship can stimulate or stultify him, still in the long run he will have more friendships, he will be able to hold on to them longer—because less exposed to the shafts of criticism,—the intervals between any two of them will be shorter, and their sum of influence will be greater than in her case. I say the intervals between them will be shorter, because the moment a man is for any reason deprived of the society of the woman he prefers, he instinctively turns for comfort to some other woman, some old or new acquaintance; whereas a woman disappointed or denied is turned in upon herself, willingly or unwillingly, and the vacant place, if filled at all, is only filled after months or years of dead level.

It is this dead level that I think so deplorable in the lives of earnest women—this desert that must be traversed before the few really fertile, well-watered spaces of their lives can be reached.

There is no such desert in a man's journey through life. Now and then he crosses a barren tract, but there is always an oasis at hand. With the minimum of effort, any man who behaves himself—and many men who do not—can command at almost any moment that companionship with quick-witted, or, at any rate, warm-hearted, women which alone can draw out what is best in him. One blast on his bugle-horn, intimating that he is in some danger or difficulty, and lo, it is Maid Marian herself who appears at the head of all his warriors! Now suppose the conditions reversed—suppose that for man instead of woman there are long stretches of unrelieved desert preceding and following every intimacy or comradeship: for him the perpetual mirage, for her the frequent oasis. Then I will risk the opinion that it is she who will produce in art and in science the more serious, permanent, pulsating body of work, and he the creditable, but colorless, diluted, imitative monographs, cartoons, dramas and symphonies.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that the comparative isolation of women is the only cause or the chief cause of the inferior quality of their imaginative work, and possibly of what they have been permitted to accomplish in science. I only suggest that there is no greater error than to assume that the more a woman isolates herself the better work she will produce. To realize the *reductio ad absurdum*, read again the little tribute paid by M. Pollens to the wife of the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*:—"The outbreak of the Commune found the directors and contributors scattered all over France; Buloz and Mazade were at Versailles. Happily Mme. Buloz was in Paris, and during those terrible days she was the head and heart of the great periodical." And Madame Buloz had at least two sons, one of whom succeeded his father. The old-fashioned *hausfrau* and the non-marrying college-bred woman alike give me the impression of being always in leading-strings. Only a liberal-minded man can render a woman the intellectual and social freedom she ought to enjoy. Probably Mr. Browning looked for companionship rather than comfort in the invalid he married; yet she gave him a son and produced a body of work that it seems to me there is a tendency to underrate. The brilliant young philosopher, Jean-Marie Guyau, undertook to prove, in *L'Art au Point de Vue Sociologique* and in most of his other writings, that all discoveries and creations are the offspring of human sympathy. His lines,

"La Pensée est en nous large comme l'amour
Et désire en autrui se verser sans relâche.
Ainsi que la vertu, l'art se sent généreux:
Lorsque je vois le beau, je voudrais être deux.
Dans cet enivrement je ne sais quoi se cache
D'infini, de trop grand pour un cœur isolé;
Le partager s'impose à nous comme une tâche,"

show the crimson thread running through everything he has left in verse or prose; and it would not be straining his philosophy to make the transposition: "Lorsque je voudrais être deux, je vois le beau."

I cannot think of anything worse for women than women—that is, their exclusive society; and I regard with misgiving all educational institutions that set themselves against coeducation, and all projects and enterprises that would separate and segregate womankind. She who for purposes of study deliberately foregoes the society of the other sex will exert a feebleness of influence, other things being equal, than the careworn clergyman's wife who finds time to criticise, before delivery, the discourses of her husband and possibly of her husband's friends. I am here reminded of a New England woman, who not only never married, but for reasons best known to herself rarely quitted her father's threshold. I believe Miss Emily Dickinson gave to the world much that was spontaneous in spite of her seclusion—not because of it. But the point I wish to make is that her life is only an apparent refutation of my theory; since she had life-long friendships that must have been an incalculable stimulus to literary work, and in a measure made up for marriage.

I am inclined to believe that in future the chief calling of women, after that of wife and mother, will be to supplement the literary, artistic and scientific labors of their fathers, brothers, friends, lovers and husbands. I confess the women who interest me are those whose fame is partly due to their association, on equal intellectual terms, with men of action and genius.

I have questioned many unmarried women, and those who do not cling to the crude idea, already becoming obsolete, that man is woman's natural oppressor, think that he is her best friend, and that it is from the tyranny of other women that she should pray to be delivered. Most pathetic is it to note that it is precisely the homely, uninteresting, not the coquettish or idolized, woman who is quickest to recognise this truth. Where one woman is held in subjection by an unreasonable husband, I believe a hundred are kept back socially and intellectually by the jealousy, unconscious selfishness, or mistaken kindness of some other woman. (May those of our own sex who know just how to minister to us—like the Golden Mean in Spenser's allegory—forgive these aspersions and generalizations which only apply to "her sisters, two Extremities!") Not infrequently the woman who has the upper hand is herself in a state of subjection to still another woman. In Germany, for instance, I imagine this to be the ordinary state of things; but it does not follow that, having known the bitterness of the desert, she will do aught to prevent other women from entering it, or help them out of it. Singularly enough, man alone, whether pleased with the exercise of his power, or moved by a pity little less than divine, seems able or willing to give her the slightest assistance in getting out of a desert he cannot know except by intuition.

But how about the woman who has succeeded in extricating herself from the mouse-trap—to change the figure—that serves as shelter to nine women out of ten? She is accountable to no one—she is practically free,—but is she happy? No; she tells me in so many words that all is in vain. "While I was studying for a medical degree I thought only of my profession, and refused the young man who wanted to marry me," said one who had gone from Paris and Berlin to Zürich and Stockholm, and back again to Johns Hopkins University, in her search for knowledge—a glowing nature only a little over thirty. "Now that I have climbed to this height in my profession, and there is no more doubt of my success or general usefulness," she went on, "I am overwhelmed with a sense of the emptiness of my life, and would give all that lies at my feet to have a child!" So true is it that our freedom, like any other treasure, loses its value unless we amass in order to bestow. Independence is sweet because, having secured it, we can make an offering of it to the right ones, knowing that "angels alone that wing the air enjoy such liberty."

PARIS, December 1896.

LUCY C. BULL.

Literature

"A Complete Bibliography of Fencing and Duelling"

As Practiced by all European Nations from the Middle Ages to the Present Day. By Carl A. Thimm. New York: John Lane.

THE PRACTICE of duelling, which was the cause and origin of the art of fence, is old enough to be venerable. Even though we cannot trace it back to the famous single combat between David and Goliath, nor to that between Achilles and Hector, we find its earliest form in the "ordeal by battle," which grew out of the earlier ordeals of fire and water. It flourished in the middle ages, when it was restricted to the nobility, and seems to have taken on a new lease of life with the French Revolution, which might be supposed to have abolished it, but in reality enlarged its scope, by declaring all men equals, and therefore, to use a well-known German expression, *duelfähig*. It was unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, but in vogue in Japan from immemorial times. And it was only abolished in England a short time ago. It flourished in this country in its old European form at first, and was then modified by circumstances in the Wild West, where a generous liberality was observed as to rules, the chief one of which was the sensible one of getting the "drop" on your adversary. The choice of weapons, also, was much enlarged—anything from a Winchester to a bowie-knife being admitted; and the punctilious ceremonial of challenge and the meeting of seconds was simplified into a public declaration of the intention to "shoot on sight." The rules have been still further simplified in the South, where this public declaration is omitted nowadays, the gentleman whose honor is assailed shooting his insulter when the latter is unarmed and does not expect it. The so-called "American duel," in which the adversaries draw lots, to determine which is to commit suicide, is a European invention.

Mr. Thimm, the compiler of this bibliography, is well known to all lovers of the art of fencing. It is not his first or only contribution to its literature: in 1891 he published "A Complete Bibliography of the Art of Fence," which was translated in the same year into French and German; and, in 1895, a "Descriptive Account of the Sixteenth Century Swordplay by Members of the School of Arms, London Rifle Brigade." He has also contributed a number of articles on the subject to English periodicals. His new book covers the literature of fencing and duelling from the middle ages to the present day, and includes, of course, Continental as well as English works and manuscripts. How wide is its scope is perhaps best indicated by his own definition of the art of fence as "embracing all works relating to the art of offence and defence with all weapons held in the hands, for the science of arms should include the use of all non-ballistic weapons, from foil to bayonet, and from dagger to battleaxe." His bibliography of duelling is the first to be published. In arrangement, illustrations and outward appearance the book is all that could be desired.

Men Who Know

Prophets of the Christian Faith. By the Rev. Drs. Lyman Abbott, Francis Brown, George Matheson, Marcus Dods, A. C. McGiffert, the Very Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Prof. Adolf Harnack, the Rev. Drs. A. M. Fairbairn, T. T. Munger, A. V. G. Allen, and the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar. The Macmillan Co.

THOSE WHO ARE WEARY of hearing about prophets from priests, who still expect some glow of the divine fire in which shall be dipped the words of those who tell us of God's old confidants, will find in the little book entitled "Prophets of the Christian Faith," by several distinguished men who give evidence of having known them, those qualities of intellectual and spiritual exuberance which they have been wont to miss in the innumerable books on the same general subject. Dr. Lyman Abbott strikes the keynote in the opening essay, and the sense of reality that is maintained throughout, as the pages pass from one hero and his worshiper to another, can hardly fail to give the book a unique recognition among thoughtful men. There is a certain inspiration in the mere plan of these essays. The bare publishers' idea of getting them together has withal a beautiful conviction in it—putting the names of Isaiah and Frederick Maurice and St. Augustine and John Wesley under the one believing title "Prophets of the Christian Faith"—a title the unconsciousness of which is perhaps the most significant part of it, one of the signs of the coming of mightier times.

To us who are born in what is often complained of as a degenerate day, it is invigorating to open a volume the very anatomy of which has as much of the spirit in it as the whole presence of many books we all know. The table-of-contents is a theology in itself. It is good to meet with robust men who can speak of Clement of Alexandria and Horace Bushnell of Hartford in the same breath. With some of us, to believe in inspiration for ourselves and one another is about the only religion worth having, and it has been sad to see for now these many years so many men who do not believe in themselves trying to make a world believe in their God—a world in which no one has ever cared about other people's miracles, in which no one has ever believed in them in any vital sense without having a miracle or so of his own to begin with—something wrought in his spirit which has made it wonderful, for a moment, to himself.

To believe in prophecy—the most essential and most portable miracle that men have known—a miracle which has passed from century to century like the soul of all the rest—the one great necessary conviction of any great age,—any book that makes it more real to us, that seeks in Nazareth as this one seeks, that makes us look in one another's faces more expectantly, that makes us more reverent of the moment—is prophecy itself and statesmanship and patriotism and commonsense.

Speaking of Clement of Alexandria and Horace Bushnell of Hartford, it is not without its significant comment on our times that the humor which lurks in the thought at first passes away when it settles down in our minds, and only beauty is left. When under the protectorate of our mighty creeds we stop to think, it is such a very poor joke and such excellent religion that one resents having smiled at all. We would fain think it was a trick of association—the way of the mind with names. Have we not a right to be particular about prophets and poets in little matters of this kind? "Alexandria" sounds as if they were all prophets there. Hartford is hopeless. The attempt to change the birthplaces of seers—to mix them up a bit with the birthplaces of other people—would show that a special Providence has always watched over these things. Only a very great poet could have stood the strain of coming out of Uz. And when we are so unorthodox as to smile perchance for a passing moment at a phrase which is the very essence of human faith, "Isaiah and Frederick Maurice, and Clement of Alexandria and Horace Bushnell of Hartford"—which is only after all a concrete and more consummate statement of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit,—we can only lay the responsibility upon the way the imagination has had from the beginning, of dispensing to mortals laughter and faith out of the same mysterious hand.

The essays that lie before us are full of the sense of historic proportion, and the emphasis that Dr. Brown places upon Isaiah's message in its contemporary relations is characteristic of the scientific and yet spirited insight which the reader will find throughout. Dr. McGiffert's essay on St. Augustine has the power of being enthusiastic and eclectic at once, and the treatment of John Wesley by a leader in the Established Church like Canon Farrar, is significant of that conversion of Christians to Christianity which is becoming more common every decade of the printing-press. Dr. Fairbairn betrays perhaps the usual Englishman's tendency to startle his cousins across the sea by picking out a new "greatest man" for us. We expect one every little while, of course, but few will be prepared to go with the Oxford divine to the full extent of his idea of Edwards. We might admit that the great Jonathan after whom this country may possibly have been named may be regarded as "the highest speculative genius of the eighteenth century." We do not care about the eighteenth century, possibly, or about centuries in general, as much as we should, but we care very much when we are told from the sacred precincts of the great English University that "Jonathan Edwards is the greatest of all the thinkers that America has produced."

Dr. Munger's paper on Horace Bushnell has those qualities of interpretation for which we all look from one who has lived his subject out. The essay of Prof. Harnack is the heart of Luther; and the Rev. A. V. G. Allen has passed in a rare degree on the impulse of Frederick Maurice, who

"fought his doubts and gathered strength,
Who would not make his judgments blind,
Who faced the spectres of his mind
And laid them, and who came at length
To find a stronger faith his own,
And power was with him in the night
Which makes the darkness and the light
And dwells not in the light alone."

The book gathers expectancy as it moves along. Closing with Canon Farrar's question, "Can we be prophets?" it leaves behind it at least that further expectancy which is the only perfect finish a book can have. There need be no doubt—laying aside all our differences—that a little volume like this, in whose larger spirit there is room for us all to meet, will have the recognition which its spiritual distinction demands.

With the inevitable readableness of a religious book and the atmosphere of heroes, it obviously comes from those who have been wrought upon by mighty men, who have shared in some supreme moment the habits of the great. Without

the authenticity of agreeing with our own ideas—which only ignorance and egotism will demand to-day,—it has throughout the authenticity of the soul, which, while it has no password that men have the right to say shall last forever, makes its presence forever known wherever it may be by making men of us—believers—lovers, whether it comes in the secret power of written words, or the stranger's passing face upon the street.

"Pioneers of Science in America"

Sketches of their Lives and Scientific Work. Edited by W. Jay Youmans. D. Appleton & Co.

THIS WORK, reprinted, with some additions, from *The Popular Science Monthly*, is one of those books that do not appeal to the general reader, but are thankfully accepted by the special student as saving him an immense deal of time and trouble. The work of fifty individuals, from Franklin to David Dale Owen, is summarized, in each case after taking special pains to consult all trustworthy sources of information. It is notable that there are few consistent specialists in the entire lot. When Franklin is thought of in connection with science, it is usually as an electrician and the inventor of the lightning-rod; but we find him to have been interested in botany, on the practical side, in chemistry and mineralogy. He had novel opinions on the origin and progress of storms, made observations on fossils, and on the surface tension of liquids, theorized about phlogiston and the heat of the blood, and speculated as to the origin of the globe. Samuel Finlay Breese Morse, it is somewhat generally known, was a painter of some repute before he became an electrician and the inventor of the electric telegraph. A still more representative "pioneer" was Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, a man of little education, or exact knowledge in any branch, but who made energetic use of his great opportunities, and was one of the first in the field of Indian ethnology, while doing rough work of many kinds as mineralogist, explorer and missionary. He will be longest remembered, probably, as having suggested to Longfellow the latter's conception of the story of Hiawatha. The much more serious work of Catlin on the Indians was undertaken, not from a scientific, but an artistic, impulse, and he was the author of an important tract (for its time) on "The Lifted and Subsidied Rocks of America." He was the man who selected the Yellowstone country for a national park. Such were most of the men whose lives and work are sketched in this bulky volume, rough and ready explorers, observers and theorists, often inaccurate, sometimes wholly in the wrong, but who put enormous energy into the prosecution of researches which had to be undertaken in conditions almost unimaginable by the well-equipped modern scientist.

Timothy Abbot Conrad, the author of "A Geological Vision" and some other poems which have been privately printed by his nephew, Dr. C. C. Abbott, was wont to maintain that the theory of evolution was all wrong, and that in fact (as in American mythology) there had been many creations, one for each geological era. The greater Agassiz held much the same views. One of the rare exceptions to the rule of versatility was Audubon, who was wholly a man of the woods, a lover and observer of birds and their ways, never quite satisfied when away from them, though he would set out on a hunting trip in black satin breeches, pumps and a ruffled shirt, and come, by degrees, to a ragamuffin state worse in appearance than the poorer sort of Indians—a "perfect gentleman," none the less, as Christopher North testified. One of the most interesting of these pioneers, though from another than a scientific point of view, was Constantine Samuel Rafinesque, Turk by birth, French by extraction, American by adoption, naturalist by profession, and often a tramp by necessity. He wrote an autobiography from which we learn that he picked up languages as he felt the need of them, and travelled continually, as the humor took him or opportunity offered, now in Sicily, now in Ohio.

In Sicily he discovered the medicinal squill, and studied the odd fishes of the Mediterranean, but to little purpose, for his notes were so hastily made that the word "rafinesque" has been coined from his name to denote the sort of descriptive writing that does not describe. In Indiana he was for a time joined with the New Harmony socialists. Audubon, for a joke, palmed off on him a series of drawings and descriptions of imaginary fishes, which Rafinesque copied into his notes and claimed as new species "communicated to me by Mr. Audubon." He projected steam-ploughs, invented coupon bonds, artificial leather and "aquatic railroads." He was an early believer in Jussieu's natural system of botany, which brought him into disfavor with the slow-moving botanical sages of Philadelphia. His landlord, when he died, decided to sell the body to make good arrears of rent, and his friends had to break into the house to get it, and to bury it by stealth. Even then his misfortunes were not ended, for the cemetery in which he was buried has been almost obliterated by the growth of the city, and his grave is unknown, if it is yet in existence.

Rafinesque was an extreme type of the early period of our scientific history, but there are, of course, many names in the table-of-contents whose scientific work has been as solid as any done by their European contemporaries, such as Nuttall, Dana, Torrey, Maury and Ericsson, in addition to most of those already mentioned. The biographies vary greatly in merit, and that the authors' names are not attached to them is a serious omission. Each essay is accompanied by a portrait, in most cases engraved on wood. The editor has supplied a short preface. The frontispiece is a steel-engraved portrait of Franklin.

"Strangers at Lisconnel"

By Jane Barlow. Dodd, Mead & Co.

HER SECOND SERIES of Irish Idylls places Miss Barlow among the foremost writers of fiction that hail from the Emerald Isle. The book yields at no point to its predecessors from the same pen. It is as racy, vigorous, full of observation, humor, pathos as the "Bogland Studies" of the same restricted and seemingly unprofitable locality, which at once won fame for their author. No living writer of English has made so much out of so little: when one becomes sure that the subject must be approaching exhaustion, the next chapter shows that we have only begun to appreciate its possibilities. Who would suppose, from the first casual mention of "The Tinkers" and "Jerry Dunne's Basket," that fate, assisted by fiction, was working up to the tragic conclusion of "A Good Turn"? The description of the bivouac under the bridge, and of the rush of waters that overwhelmed the two vagabonds, is as grimly picturesque as an etching by Rembrandt. The moving story of "Mr. Polymathers," and its sequel, "Honoris Causâ," furnish another series of dramatic surprises. And the story of the unheard-of devotion to Mammon of the Northern strangers, in "A Flitting," is a gem of the story-telling art.

The occasional awkwardnesses of the earlier volumes are not to be found in these new stories, which may be said to be models in their kind. There are quotable things on almost every page. Readers of Mr. Kipling may be interested to learn that the Seven Seas meet in the Bay of Biscay, where "the ragin' and tearin' of them all flowin' together 'ud terrify the sinces out of King Solomon." The people of Lisconnel do not emigrate because they are connoisseurs in misfortune; and they have a chance of "better bad luck stayin' at home." What a fine effect of contrasting associations is implied in the description of a coming shower as being "as thick as thatch." There is a good half of the Celtic nature in Biddy Ryan's phrase, "I'm thinkin' there's scarce a one livin', and he as ould and foolish and little good-for as you plase, but some crathur 'll be grudgin' him to his grave." And we may gain some notion of the Paradisiacal innocence of Lisconnel, as compared, for instance, with New York, from the terrible sentence passed

upon the poor, thieving tinkers, that they were not to be matched for rascality, "if you had a spring-trap set at the Ould Fellow's front door for a month of Sundays."

(See portrait on page 43.)

"A History of Sculpture"

By Allan Marquand, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Arthur L. Frothingham, Jr., Ph.D., Professors of Archaeology and the History of Art in Princeton College. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS WORK completes the series of three College Histories of Art, edited by Prof. John C. Van Dyke, who has shown keen judgment in his choice of authors, all of them being not only professors, but deep students, well abreast of the times in their special subjects. This History is a model of condensation. The greatest possible amount of historical matter, an enormous number of periods and styles, and a host of artists are covered in the smallest possible space, and this is done without reducing the material to a set of lists of names and monuments with brief descriptions, except in the modern period. Each period is treated in full, with descriptions of its general characteristics and its individual developments under various conditions, physical, political, religious and the like. Subjects, materials, methods, etc., are broadly discussed, and the historical relation of period to period is carefully traced. Little is said of prehistoric or semi-barbaric sculpture, and nothing of the sculpture of Islam, India or Eastern Asia, because these types of art have had but a slight direct influence in the evolution of historic or modern styles. Admirable judgment is shown in the elasticity of treatment. Periods important and interesting chiefly for their part in future developments are sketched; and styles that mean more to us for what they produced and for their particular monuments are much elaborated upon.

The sculpture of the ancient Oriental civilizations is discussed upon broad lines; attention is called to general characteristics, rather than to individual productions. The authors have profited by the most recent archaeological research in the East, and ascribe an antiquity to the sculptural remains at Tello, the ancient Lagash, equal to that of the oldest extant productions of the ancient Egyptian Empire. These dates are earlier by several hundreds of years than those ventured by Babelon, or Perrot and Chipiez. Greek sculpture is treated with an admirable combination of breadth and detail. Broad generalizations regarding style and method are reinforced by more minute descriptions of subject and technique. Particular monuments are described—those characterized by the hand of individual sculptors. The names of artists thus appear, and schools of sculpture grow up about them. In Italy, sculpture begins among the Etruscans and Latin tribes; the Romans introduce Greek art and scarcely modify it, modelling their own sculpture after imported monuments. Italy, in later years, saw the rise of Gothic sculpture, which took root in the south of France and blossomed exuberantly in the north. Here, becoming more truly architectural, Gothic sculpture is imbued with a new spirit—a motive to instruct the people in history, in science and religion. Under the new influence, mediæval sculpture attained an individual character of beauty and refinement that compares favorably with that of the best period of Greek art. Gothic sculpture naturally found various interpretations among the nations of Europe, Germany producing a style of peculiar charm.

The mediæval styles began to wane, and Renaissance dawned upon Europe. The neo-classic was indigenous to Italy, and in other countries had a rather superficial significance. On home soil, a marvellous style, or succession of styles, developed. An army of sculptors, small and great, flooded Italy with varied and beautiful monuments, and their influence was not slow to spread all over Europe. The individualism of the Renaissance showed itself strongly in sculpture: each artist worked in his own way, and different

sculptors in a variety of mediums. In its later development, the sculpture of the Revival became emotional and extravagant; the spiritual element, the classic repose, was lost—the style begun so nobly ended in weakness and frivolity. Modern, or nineteenth century, sculpture marks a return to classic simplicity, and has since added the qualities of naturalism and realism. A great number of sculptors in Europe and America are producing works worthy of the history of their art.

This work presupposes a general knowledge of art, particularly of architecture, or else frequent recourse to the dictionary; for there is no glossary to tell us what pedimental sculptures are, nor what chiaroscuro means. The many illustrations, almost exclusively from photographs, are very significant and of great interest. It is to be regretted that they are not more fully referred to in the text; some of them are not mentioned at all. A general history of sculpture has never before been written in English—never in any language in convenient text-book form. This publication, then, should meet with an enthusiastic reception among students and amateurs of art, not so much, however, because it is the only book of its kind, as for its intrinsic merit and attractive form.

"Constitutional History of the United States"

From their Declaration of Independence to the Close of the Civil War. By George Ticknor Curtis. In two vols. Vol. II, edited by Joseph Culbertson Clayton. Harper & Bros.

CURTIS'S Constitutional History was first published in 1854, in two volumes; and a revised one-volume edition was issued in 1889. The first volume of the present edition embraced the constitutional history of the United States from the beginning of the Revolution to the adoption of the Constitution, including the processes by which that instrument was put into shape in the Convention of 1787. Volume II shows the Constitution in operation, and carries the record from 1789 down to the end of the disputed Presidential count of 1877. Mr. Curtis died in 1894, and the work of preparing for publication the manuscript which he had not yet quite completed was entrusted to Mr. Clayton. Among the most interesting of the topics discussed by Mr. Curtis here, are the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, the Hartford Convention, nullification as distinguished from secession, the anti-slavery agitation, the history of secession, the causes and issues of the civil war, the constitutional doctrines of Lincoln's administration, the reconstruction of the seceded states, the war amendments and their judicial interpretation, consequences of Negro suffrage, and the way in which war affected the Constitution.

As an interpreter and exponent of the Constitution, Mr. Curtis stood about half way between the states' rights men and the nationalists. For example, he condemns with equal severity Calhoun's nullification and Calhoun's disciple Jefferson Davis's secession on the one side, and, on the other, Congress's method of restoring the states to their old relations to the Union, after they had attempted to put Calhoun's and Davis's doctrines into operation. His treatment of the whole secession and reconstruction question is comprehensive and able. Lincoln's plan of reconstruction, so far as it was developed, and Johnson's work on the same lines after Lincoln's death, met his favor. They were consistent with the theory on which the Administration acted throughout the war, that the so-called Confederate States were never out of the Union, and that the enemy of the national authority was not the states as communities, but the individuals composing the insurgent government and the military forces which that government directed. If this theory be correct—and most of the present-day students of the Constitution think it is, and the Supreme Court, in 1868, in the case of *Texas vs. White*, virtually declared it to be so,—then Lincoln and Johnson were right, and Stevens, Sumner, Wade and the rest of the Republican leaders, who developed the Congressional scheme

of reconstruction, which was enacted in 1867 by being passed over Johnson's veto, were wrong. Mr. Curtis thinks that the abolitionists hurt, rather than helped, the cause of freedom, and says that under the influence of causes already in operation when the abolition crusade began, slavery "could not have lasted unchanged so long as the year 1865, even if there had been no civil war and no forcible emancipation" (p. 231). This is a hopelessly extreme view. Many historians believe that the Garrisonian non-voting and disunionist element of the abolitionists became an obstruction after the Free Soilers and their Republican successors, who aimed simply to prevent slavery extension, had put the anti-slavery movement on a practical basis. By being confined to the States in which it existed, slavery would, of course, ultimately have died of inanimation; but that its end would have come at any time in the present century, is decidedly improbable.

The conferring of the ballot indiscriminately upon hundreds of thousands of densely ignorant beings just freed from abject servitude, Mr. Curtis believes to have been a moral and political wrong. A few Republicans held that view when the question first entered Congress, and many of them hold it now. As a piece of partisan legislation, which was its chief recommendation to the radicals who forced it upon the party, Negro suffrage was a blunder, for it put the whites for a score of years into solid opposition to the party responsible for it. As the political disabilities of the whites were removed, they suppressed the Negro vote, and then the Republican party, after a brief supremacy in several of the ex-slave states, dropped out of sight in the South, and did not reappear until 1894. This question, and all the others touched on in the book, are discussed with rare intelligence and independence. Mr. Curtis was one of the best-known and most capable students of the Constitution of his time, and the work here given to us is of great interest to general readers as well as to scholars.

"The Listener in the Town"

And the Listener in the Country. By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. 2 vols. Copeland & Day.

"AS-WE-WERE-SAYING" books are becoming dangerously common, and the man who first set the example of exchanging the modestly mortal medium of the newspaper and magazine for the bolder covers of bookdom has a heavy score laid up against him somewhere. For where one thing published in a newspaper or other periodical is worthy of reproduction in book-form, ninety-nine things are as unworthy of such preservation as are the conventional inanities of a five o'clock tea. Though there may never have been any written fiat to that effect, the great writing public has tacitly agreed with the great reading public, that there is one glory of the daily newspaper, or weekly, and another of the bound volume. Hence any attempt to interchange such glories, or pass them off for each other, can hardly be successful. One might as well try to make a chandelier of fireflies as to make a good book out of things that can only make a good newspaper. In the nature of things, articles which can be grasped in the time which the reader allots to his newspaper, are not adapted to yield those lasting delights which one justly demands of a book.

Nevertheless, "The Listener in the Town" and "The Listener in the Country" are much better than most books made up of articles contributed to the newspapers, and undoubtedly many people who enjoyed the author's delicacy of appreciation and style in *The Evening Transcript* will welcome the reproduction of these sketches. Whatever objections might be raised, one cannot complain that there is lack of variety in the subject matter, for there is a wide range covered between the author's chapters on "Poetry and Cabbage" and "A Face on the Street." The chief service which a book like this can render will be in its indirect implication of the value of observing, rather than in any information directly imparted.

Poetry and Verse

MR. ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN'S "Lyrics of Earth" is his second book of verse, the first being "Among the Millet," which received such general and generous recognition a few years ago. Mr. Lampman is a keen observer and strong lover of Nature, and his

verse is full of beauty caught from her. His work is refined and clear, rich with imagery and melodious—qualities that are evident in the poem entitled "The Sun Cup." This charming bit of fancy is a little marred by the use of "fills" with "fillet," and "drains" with "draineth" in the same stanzas, a fault which might easily be remedied. There is a freshness, a simplicity, a naturalness about Mr. Lampman's work which gives to it a distinction nowadays quite unusual. We bespeak for these "Lyrics of Earth" a hearty welcome from all who love genuine and unaffected poetry. As a piece of book-making, the volume is most attractive. (Boston: Copeland & Day.)

"AN OATEN PIPE" is the title of a new volume by Mr. James B. Kenyon, whose verse is ever graceful and pleasing. In choice of subjects and method of treatment this collection resembles its predecessors. The author has a happy lyrical gift and is singularly felicitous in his handling of rhymes and metres. His best work is still to be found among his sonnets, and the excellence of it may be seen in this, on "An Hour-Glass":—

"The tawny sands slip downward in the glass
Noiseless and smooth, a pulse whose even flow
No boisterous winds can vex howe'er they blow,
A tide across whose breast no shadows pass.
Lo! yellow bees that drone in summer grass,
A mill whose mossy wheel has ceased to go,
A hawk above a woodland sailing slow,
A sunny field reaped by a brown-armed lass—

All these like visions rise upon my soul,
Till, wholly meshed in Fancy's sorceries,
While still the grains sift from the crystal bowl,
I feel against my brow a phantom breeze,
And see o'er gleaming sands the long waves roll,
And hear the washings of the orient seas."

This is the second of the series of the *Fleur de Lis Poets* published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons.

THERE IS MUCH of promise in Mr. Ernest McGaffey's "Poems," such as one might expect from the author of "Poems of Rod and Gun"; and there is performance enough in the 250 pages to satisfy one that the writer's wish, as expressed in one of the poems, will be granted—

"No higher hope I hold than this,
That one may say when I am dead,
'He reckons not of death's cold kiss;
His song shall answer in his stead.'"

Mr. McGaffey writes with freedom and evident ease, yet he does not neglect the technical details. His poems are frequently characterized by a good deal of strength and an underlying seriousness of purpose rather uncommon in the verse of our younger poets. His descriptive pieces are picturesque and succeed admirably in giving to the reader a vivid impression of the incidents or objects that inspired them. Every poem in the book has some likable quality about it, and we are glad to have and read them all. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

WE ARE ALSO GLAD to have Mr. Madison Cawein's "Under-tones," wherein, for the first time, we find him writing simply and clearly. What a contrast to his usual style is this pretty lyric:—

"While sunset burns and stars are few,
And roses scent the fading light,
And like a slim urn, dripping dew,
A spirit carries through the night,
The pearl-pale moon hangs new,—
I think of you, of you.

"While waters flow, and soft winds woo
The golden-hearted bud with sighs;
And, like a flower an angel threw,
Out of the momentary skies
A star falls burning blue,—
I think of you, of you.

"While love believes, and hearts are true,
So let me think, so let me dream;
The thought and dream so wedded to
Your face, that, far apart, I seem
To see each thing you do,
And be with you, with you."

Heretofore Mr. Cawein's besetting sin has been obscurity of meaning: he seems to have overcome it at last. The verse of none of our younger singers equals his in the richness and originality of its

imagery. Now that he has cleared the verbal atmosphere, we shall expect to see him shine brightly in the poetical twilight. (Copeland & Day.)—"SONGS OF NIGHT and Day" is by the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, who writes like one who is fond of poetry by others, and of making it himself. Some of the verse in this collection is pleasant reading, all of it is creditable, but none of it is very notable. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Horatio Hale

WE HAVE HEARD, with deep regret, of the death of Mr. Hale, the well-known American scholar, who for many years has been a regular and valued contributor to *The Critic*.

By the death of Horatio Hale, which occurred at Clinton, Ont., on December 29, ethnology has lost a man who contributed more to our knowledge of the human races than perhaps any other single student.

Horatio Hale was born on 3 May 1817 at Newport, N. H., and was the son of Sarah Josepha Hale, whose efforts largely contributed to the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument and to the general introduction of Thanksgiving Day. In 1837 he graduated from Harvard, and in the same year was appointed philologist of the Wilkes Expedition. He improved to best advantage the opportunities offered to him during this memorable journey, accumulating an astounding mass of philological material, which he collected partly directly from the natives, partly with the help of missionaries who had become familiar with the various languages. His labors confirmed the theory of the Malay affinities of the Polynesian languages, and his theories on the migrations of the Polynesians, which he based on linguistic studies, opened a most interesting and important view of the early history of the Pacific Islands. No less important were his contributions to the philology of Australia, but nowhere was his genius for linguistic research shown more clearly than in his masterly treatment of the difficult languages of northwest America. His classifications and investigations have stood the test of all later inquiries, and, as we grow more familiar with the subjects treated by him, we become more and more forcibly impressed by the keen insight into the structure of language which enabled him to make a contribution to science that has marked an epoch in the development of linguistics. The results and methods that he pursued are the more admirable when we consider how few the advantages were that the young Harvard student enjoyed in those times in this line of research, and that the methods of investigating primitive languages were to a great extent his own creation. The "Ethnography and Philology of the United States Exploring Expedition" was published in 1846. The following years were spent in travel and study. In 1853 Mr. Hale was studying law in Chicago; he was admitted to the bar in 1855. In 1856 he moved to Clinton, Ont., where he devoted himself partly to the practice of his new profession, and partly to the pursuit of ethnological and philological studies.

Many are his contributions to science, and they rank among the best work done in America. The nearness to his new home of the Iroquois Reservations incited his interest, and the results of his studies have been laid down in numerous brief papers, but principally in his book "An Iroquois Book of Rites" (Philadelphia, 1883). His investigations of the origin of the Hiawatha legend, the historical basis of which he made clear, assure him an important place among folklorists. It was due to his studies among the Iroquois, also, that he made a discovery of great importance regarding the early history of the American tribes. He was fortunate enough to find the last Tutelos who were able to speak their language, and in 1870 he ascertained beyond cavil that they spoke a dialect of the Dakotan or Siouan stock. In 1883 he published a fuller record of their language. In 1885 Mr. Hale was elected Vice-President of the Anthropological Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1886, when presiding over the meetings of the Section, he delivered a presidential address in which he set forward a well-conceived theory of the origin of linguistic stocks, which is undoubtedly one of the best ever suggested in regard to this difficult problem, and received favorable consideration from many eminent linguists.

In 1883 the British Association for the Advancement of Science appointed a committee for the investigation of the tribes of western Canada. Mr. Hale, as editor of the reports of this committee, bore for many years the principal share of its labors. He wrote a useful circular of inquiry and laid out the detailed plan of work. In connection with the investigations of this committee, the writer of these lines had the pleasure of coming into close contact

with him. His wise council, his amiable guidance, his kindly friendship ensure a grateful memory to him whose works students of ethnology and of linguistics will admire for all time to come. Science has lost a worker to whose enthusiasm and faithful labor we owe much; mankind has lost a man whose wisdom, kindness and steadfastness it is hard to lack.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

FRANZ BOAS.

Gen. Walker

GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who died in Boston on Jan. 5, was born in that city on 2 July 1840. He graduated from Amherst in 1860, began the study of law, and enlisted at the outbreak of the war, rising rapidly to the rank of Brigadier-General. He was severely wounded at Chancellorsville in 1863, and captured at Ream's Station, being confined for some time in Libby prison. At the close of the war, Gen. Walker became a teacher of the classics in Williston Seminary, at East Hampton. He was connected, also, for a short time with the editorial staff of the Springfield *Republican*, and in 1869 was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, which he practically organized. In 1871-73, he was, also, United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs. In the latter year he became professor of political economy in the Scientific School at New Haven, holding the position for eight years. He was the Chief of the Bureau of Awards at Philadelphia in the centennial year, organized the tenth census in 1879 (as he had done the ninth), and became President of the Institute of Technology in 1881. President Walker was, also, lecturer in Johns Hopkins and Harvard universities, Commissioner from the United States to the International Monetary Conference in Paris, 1878, and President of the American Statistical Association since 1882, and of the American Economic Association since 1886. He published a number of works on statistics, the Indian question and financial and philosophical subjects.

The January Magazines

(Concluded from last week)

"The New England Magazine"

IT IS NOT safe to omit looking through the table-of-contents of even a single number of *The New England Magazine*. Restricted in scope as its title makes it appear to be, it in reality is of interest and value to cultivated Americans in all parts of the country. Its January number, for instance, contains an article on Viollet-le-Duc, the great French architect and restorer and writer, who, as its author, Mr. W. Henry Winslow justly observes, should be better

known outside his profession, "not to say within it," than he really is. The paper contains a number of illustrations and an excellent portrait, which is reproduced herewith.—An article on Mount Holyoke College, by Henrietta Edgcomb Hooker, will certainly interest others besides the denizens of the New England States, as will the excellent portrait of Mary Lyon that forms the frontispiece of the number; and papers on the transcendental movement in New England, by Louis J. Block, and "An English Heroine in the American Revolution" (Lady Harriet Acland), by Frances B. Troup, will certainly find readers beyond the New England borders.

Magazine Notes

WE MENTIONED last week, among the contents of the January *Midland Monthly*, a paper on "The Truth about Ben Bolt" and its



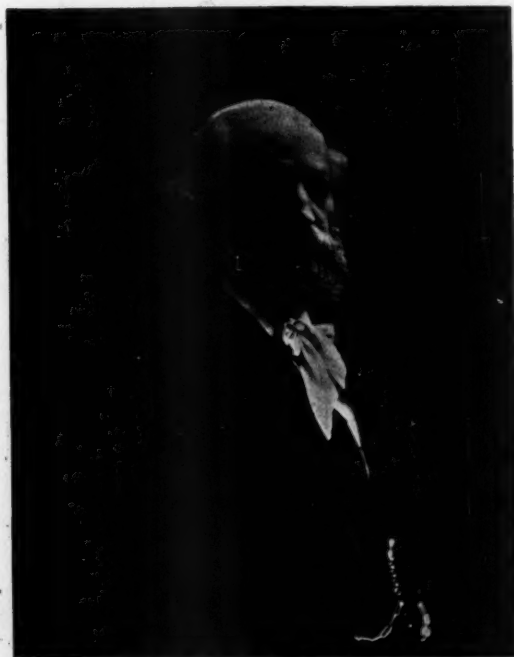
DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH AT TWENTY-FOUR

Author," by his son-in-law, Mr. Arthur Howard Noll, who states that the impression that the poem is Dr. English's only, or even his chief, contribution to literature, is erroneous, and that it is equally wrong to suppose that the poem had been almost forgotten when du Maurier used it in "Trilby." The song, he says, "has held its own in a manner quite phenomenal, throughout the fifty years and more of its existence, as one of the classics of our language." But he considers much of the poet's other work of far greater literary value, but unknown only because the popularity of this one song overshadows it completely. The paper contains a facsimile of an autograph copy of "Ben Bolt" written by Dr. English, and two portraits of him, one at twenty-four, the other at seventy. The former is printed here.

Among the contents of *McClure's* for January we note a number of portraits of Gen. Grant (the frontispiece of the number is a picture of Grant after leaving West Point, from a daguerreotype), accompanying an article, by Hamlin Garland, on "Grant at West Point"; fifteen portraits of Benjamin Franklin; and the continuation of Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous," with a delightful sketch of a schooner riding at anchor—as good a bit of imaginative description as even Mr. Kipling can produce.

Mr. Grant La Farge (a son of the artist, who appears in the February *Scribner's* as the author of a short story, is one of the architects of the new Episcopal Cathedral in this city.

The February *Harper's Magazine* will open with an article on "The Coronation at Moscow," written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by R. Caton Woodville. Both writer and artist witnessed the ceremonies from the standpoint of official visitors—Mr. Woodville with a royal commission from Queen Victoria, and Mr. Davis as the representative of the magazine.



EUGENE EMMANUEL VIOLETT-LE-DUC

The Lounger

I REPRODUCE here George du Maurier's last contribution to *Punch*. It appeared in the Christmas number of that periodical. For his first contribution to its pages, see *The Critic* of 7 Sept. 1895.



"LE MONDE OU L'ON S'AMUSE.

*Toujours, toujours,
La nuit comme le jour . . .
Et youp, youp, youp, tra la la la,
La la la!*

ETHEL. 'I hope bicycling will go out of fashion before next season, I do hate bicycling so!'

MAUD. 'So do I! But one must, you know!'

APROPOS OF du Maurier, the "Life and Letters of Frederick Walker" is just published by the Macmillan Co. Walker, so far as I can find out, was more attractive as a man than he was remarkable as a painter. His drawings are "collected" nowadays, for they have a certain charm, but his paintings have long since lost what little hold they had upon the public. An anecdote is told of Walker's first interview with Thackeray, to whom he applied for work as an illustrator when the novelist was editing *Cornhill*. Mr. George Smith took Walker to Thackeray's house:—

"When we went up to Mr. Thackeray," says Mr. Smith, "he saw at once how nervous and distressed the young artist was, and addressed himself in the kindest manner to remove his shyness. After a little time he said, 'Can you draw? Mr. Smith says you can.' 'Y-e-e-s, I think so,' said the young man who was within a few years to excite the admiration of the whole world by the excellence of his drawings. 'I'm going to shave,' said Mr. Thackeray; 'would you mind drawing my back?' Mr. Thackeray went to his toilet-table and commenced the operation, while Mr. Walker took a sheet of paper and began his drawing; I looking out of the window in order that he might not feel that he was being watched."

There is an attempt made to prove that Thackeray wanted to have Walker do the work that he received the credit for, but all this sort of talk is futile. Thackeray was not the man to claim what was not his own, and again, he was too well pleased with his own work as an illustrator to allow anyone else to tamper with it.

IT IS very hard for those who knew the late O. M. Dunham to associate him in their minds with anything dishonorable. The last people to bring action against him were those he had wronged. Few men were better liked, and, what is more, few men had the respect of their employees as he had. There wasn't a man in the Cassell Pub. Co. who was not grieved more than angered at Mr. Dunham's downfall, though many of them were ruined by him. I asked one man—the one who had probably suffered the most—what he would do, if he should meet Mr. Dunham in the street. "Would you have him arrested?" "No, indeed," he replied. "I would go up to him and take him by the hand and say, 'I'm

glad to see you, Mr. Dunham,' and so I should be." Outside of his own family, I doubt if Mr. Dunham's tragic death was felt anywhere more keenly than among his former associates.

FOR TEN YEARS I was connected with Mr. Dunham in business, and I can truly say that I never met a more fair-minded, kind-hearted man. He seemed to be on the right side of every public question, and in such business relations as I had with him, his word was as good as his bond. Indeed, we seldom had our agreements in writing, and I never knew him to swerve from his spoken word. That such a man could have been a defaulter seems incredible, not because he was smooth-spoken, but because he was plain-spoken and straightforward. He was the best of husbands, the kindest and most affectionate of fathers. The very morning before his flight, his youngest daughter was in his office. I happened to be in the next room, and noticed that when the time came for her to go it seemed very hard for him to part with her. He kissed her good-bye two or three times, and followed her to the door, holding her hand. When she left the building he watched her from the window, and I noticed the strange expression of his face and wondered what it meant. I should have wondered more had I known! That was the last time he saw his child, and she was the last member of the family to see him; for that afternoon he disappeared, and no one heard of him again until the report of the accident, followed quickly by the news of his death, reached this city.

THE LATE Achille Errani was probably the best-known teacher of singing in New York. He had many distinguished pupils in his day, none of whom was better known than Miss Clara Louise Kellogg; and of none of them was he more proud. Miss Kellogg came down from her country home in Connecticut to attend his funeral.

THE ACCOMPANYING portrait does not look like that of a literary man, nor is it, but it is the portrait of a man who knows how to tell a story, and who has a story to tell. The original of this



MR. HERBERT E. HAMBLÉN

picture was born in Lovell, Maine, of poor but honest parents, about 46 years ago. He had a good mother, but she died, and his father replaced her with an old-fashioned story-book kind of a step-mother. The boy and the stepmother could not agree, and the

former left home to seek his fortune. The result of this stepmother is a book called "On Many Seas," which the Macmillan Co. will publish early next week. The title-page tells us that it is by Frederick Benton Williams, but it is not. The author's name is Herbert E. Hamblen; but, as story writing was a new thing with him, he was shy about putting his own name on the title-page.

MR. HAMBLÉN fell in with Mr. William Stone Booth, librarian of the East Side Settlement, to whom he from time to time told fragments of the story of his adventurous life on the ocean wave. Mr. Booth was struck by the man's native wit and ability as a storyteller, and induced him to write out his story and let him see the result. The old salt was loth to undertake such a task, but one day he came to Mr. Booth looking rather sheepish, and thrust fifty pages of closely written foolscap paper into his hand. The MS. was written in lead-pencil, close up to the edges. Mr. Booth read with eagerness and found that Mr. Hamblén was as vigorous a writer as he was a talker. The manuscript grew apace, and it was not long before a book of at least 200,000 words had been written. Then Mr. Booth went carefully over it and cut out nearly half, but he left the rest just as Mr. Hamblén had written it. And so "On Many Seas" was submitted to the Macmillan Co., and at once accepted, to the great surprise of the author.

WHAT LITTLE education Mr. Hamblén has, he has picked up in the course of an unusually active life. He is an omnivorous reader. Novels he cares little for, but he devours history and biography. After following the sea for fifteen years, he obtained a position under the city government, and is now a settled-down, married man. That he will write other books there can be no doubt. Authorship is an appetite that grows with what it feeds upon. Already the alert Mr. McClure has been after him, and he is writing some short stories for McClure's Syndicate. "On Many Seas" is said by those who have read it to be the best sea story since Captain Samuels published "From the Forecastle to the Cabin." The portrait I am permitted to publish was taken a day or two ago, and represents Mr. Hamblén just as you will find him going about his daily task, which, I believe, is the running of a steam-engine.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me as follows:—"If Mr. Paine of the *Syracuse Post* imagines that he can reform the scribes who like to use 'don't' with the third person singular, he is doomed to disappointment. Not long ago, in my quality as editor, I attempted to reform in this respect a very distinguished writer, who returned his proof to me with all my 'doesn'ts' changed back into 'don'ts,' accompanied by the remark that he wished his dialogue to represent the dialogue of every-day life. As he was recording the conversation of several men and women of supposed education and refinement, I thought the point not well taken.

"I AM REMINDED in this connection," he continues, "that there is one word which is misused by every journalist and every author wherever the English language is written—the word 'people.' Mr. Howells, for instance, in one of his delightful novels speaks of 'three people' sitting in a room. Now, if two of these 'people' were to withdraw, one 'people' would be left—and very much left! It seems unnecessary to state—and yet it is necessary to state it—that 'people' is a collective noun, and can properly be applied only to a nation, a tribe, a class, a community. It is quite admissible to say, 'How are your people?'—meaning your family, your clan; but such a phrase as 'Fifty people were injured,' or 'A hundred people were present,' is sloppy English. 'Persons' and 'people' are not convertible terms. For twenty-five years or more, I have kept my eye on this little word 'people,'

and I have yet to find a single American or English author who does not misuse it. In the course of two or three hundred years, the correct employment of it may possibly become general. Meanwhile it is perhaps too much to hope that any self-respecting writer will be persuaded to drop the word 'every' from the phrase 'every now and then.' Nothing kills a sentence like a superfluous word, especially when it is meaningless."

MISS JANE BARLOW, a review of whose new book will be found on page 38, has been very successful in her chosen field of fiction. She deserves her success, for all who know are unanimous in



MISS JANE BARLOW

praising the truthfulness of her pictures of Irish life. Of their artistic value there can be no doubt, and happily Miss Barlow shows in her latest book that she is not above taking pains to perfect her workmanship.

WE CONSTANTLY read in the papers of the way the bicycle has cut into all sorts and conditions of businesses. If a livery-man cannot rent his horses, if a baker cannot sell his bread, if the demand for books falls off, it is all attributed to the wicked bicycle. None of the members of the affected trades rises to the situation. They all shake their heads and hurl anathemas upon the silent steed. The only person to take the bull by the horns is the ubiquitous Mr. Cook. Cook's cycling-tours are already announced. They extend through the warm countries in the winter time, and in the summer cooler climes are sought. They are of about three weeks' duration and are "personally conducted."

A Flying Scroll

THROUGH golden largesse of forgotten light,
In feathery silentness, they winged their flight;
The swaying line of southward migrants fell
In mystic characters that read Fare Well.

S. R. ELLIOTT.

Music

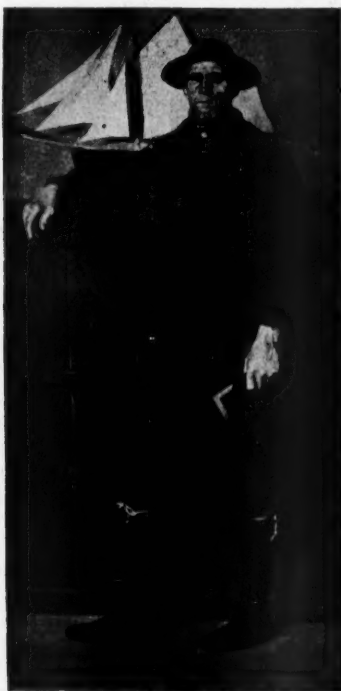
"SHAMUS O'BRIEN," the romantic Irish opera of Mr. George H. Jessop and Dr. C. Villiers Stanford, now current at the Broadway Theatre, is one of the most delightful entertainments offered to the New York public in many months, or even years. It is a real *opéra comique*, and has the best qualities of that form of production. The story is that of Le Fanu's familiar poem, but Mr. Jessop has made of it an interesting book, which is in some places idyllic in its beauty, and in others forcibly dramatic. Dr. Stanford's music is admirable. It is thoroughly Irish in spirit, melody and harmony, though it is almost wholly original, extant tunes being used but little. It is so novel in style that the audiences would have some difficulty in entering into the spirit of it, were it not so well performed. Fortunately, the members of the company are fairly good singers, and they make the merits of the music evident. The company is excellently suited to its task, and the chorus has been well trained. The most striking individual work is that of Joseph O'Mara as Mike Murphy. He is a very good actor, and sings with a good voice and no little skill. Miss Carr Shaw presents a remarkably lifelike impersonation of a bright Irish girl. The opera deserves the attention of all persons of taste.

At the January Philharmonic concerts, Mme. Teresa Carreno, the famous Venezuelan pianist, made her reappearance here after a long and eventful stay in Germany. She chose for the medium of her reintroduction Rubinstein's D minor piano concerto, a composition which will always be heard with delight because of its pure musical beauty and fine suitability to the revelation of a player's best qualities. Mme. Carreno comes back to us with the fires of her splendid temperament still ablaze, but she has acquired a self-control, an artistic poise, which used to be missing. She plays now with immense tone, with magnificent sweep and power, with imposing authority and intense emotion. Her tone-color is not all that could be desired, and there are flashes of hardness in her touch; but she is a great pianist and will command general enthusiasm wherever she is heard.

The Fine Arts

Prize-Winners at the Pittsburgh Carnegie Galleries

ON DEC. 12, *The Critic* announced the names of the prize-winners at the first annual exhibition of the Carnegie Art Gal-



"THE SHIPBUILDER," BY GARI MELCHERS

eries in Pittsburgh. Through the courtesy of the managers, we are enabled to reproduce here, from the catalogue of the exhibition, three of the prize-winning pictures.

Mr. Gari Melchers's "Shipbuilder," which obtained the second

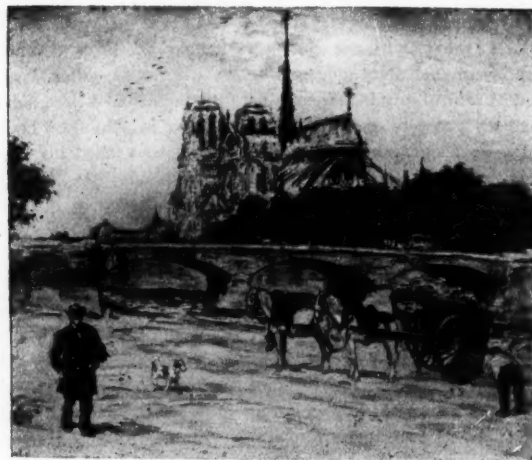
prize (\$3000 and a bronze medal) for paintings completed within 1896, and exhibited for the first time, represents a Dutch subject, as do so many of this painter's works. Two other pictures by him were included in this exhibition—"The Orange" and "Maternity." Mr. Melchers's career is too well-known to need recapitulation here: he has now won honors in Paris, Amsterdam, Munich, Chicago, Berlin, Philadelphia, Antwerp and Pittsburgh.

"A Lady in Brown," by Mr. John Lavery of Glasgow, which won the gold medal open to all competitors, regardless of nation-



"A LADY IN BROWN," BY JOHN LAVERY

ality, is a specimen of the Glasgow School which has of late received considerable attention. Mr. Lavery received a third-class medal in Paris in 1888, and a bronze medal in 1889.



"NOTRE DAME," BY RAFFAELLI

M. Jean-François Raffaelli, the winner of the silver medal in this class, is unquestionably one of the best known artists of the day. His visit to this country must still be fresh in the minds of all lovers of art; for what he preached in his lectures he practises in his art, as seen in his work exhibited at the time. His only picture at the Pittsburgh exhibition, which closed on Jan. 1, was this prize-winner, "Notre Dame."

The Fine Arts Federation

"TO MAKE US love our country, we must make our country lovely." These words of Edmund Burke were taken by the Municipal Art Society of New York as its motto and gospel, but they would serve the same purposes for the Fine Arts Federation, which has recently by a coincidence of events been brought prominently to the notice of the public. The coincidence alluded to arose when the Federation gave its first annual dinner in the Fine Arts Building, and almost simultaneously appeared before the Greater New York Commission to plead for the establishment of an Art Commission in the new metropolis. The latter event has been under serious consideration and preparation at the hands of the Federation for many months; the dinner was got up in a week or two. It is to be hoped that the outcome of the one may be as successful as was that of the other. For that the dinner was a success, there is no denying. It was probably the first public dinner of four or five hundred covers to be graced by the presence of the fairer sex, not in galleries as spectators, but at the tables as guests and participants, and it is no idle compliment to the ladies to say that they added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Before proceeding to an exposition of the views of the Federation as presented to the Greater New York Commission, it may be well to give some brief account of the Federation itself. It is, as its name implies, a federation of all the art societies in New York, for the purpose of common action in all matters affecting their common interests. This being the principle upon which the United States themselves are governed, little more needs to be said by way of explanation. It is obvious that an opinion emanating from such a body carries much more weight and authority than the opinion of anyone of its constituent societies alone. It has the additional advantage of being a council of representatives from each of these societies, and therefore of being easier to call together for consultation than the societies themselves. It has this paramount advantage, that its utterances, being those of all the art societies in council assembled, are free from the suspicion which would or might (albeit groundlessly) attach to the opinion of one or two of the constituent societies—of being given in the interest of the particular society or societies interested, rather than in the interest of art as a whole. In presenting to the Greater New York Commission for its approval the chapter of an Art Commission for the city, the Federation showed its public spirit and honest desire for the welfare of the city unbiassed by selfish motives. Its President is already, under the laws of this state, a member of an Art Commission, and more than that, one of its only two professional members; and it is willing to resign this privilege in order to put the Commission on a broader and safer basis—and to enlarge its scope and usefulness. It proposes that

"Section 1. There shall be an Art Commission for the city of New York, composed as follows: The Mayor of the city of New York, the President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the President of the New York Public Library (Astor, Lenox and Tilden foundations), the President of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, *ex-officio*. One painter, one sculptor, one architect, all residents of the city of New York, and three other residents of the city of New York, none of whom shall be a painter, sculptor, architect, or member of any other profession in the fine arts. All of the six last-mentioned shall be appointed by the Mayor, from a list, of not less than three times the number to be appointed, proposed by the Fine Arts Federation of New York. The head of each of the city departments shall, *ex-officio*, act as a member of this Commission in all matters of which it takes cognizance pertaining to work under the special charge of his department.

"Section 3. The Commission shall serve without compensation as such, and shall elect a President, Vice-President and Secretary from its own members.

"Section 5. Hereafter no work of art, namely, no paintings, mural decorations, or stained-glass, no statues, bas-reliefs or other sculpture, no monuments, fountains, arches, or other structures of a permanent character—whether for ornament or commemoration, when the property of the city or intended so to be, or which shall extend over or upon any street, avenue, square, common, park, municipal building, or other public place belonging to the city—shall be erected by or become the property of the city of New York, whether by purchase, gift, or otherwise, unless the location and design (and if requested by the Commission a complete model) for the same shall first have been submitted to and approved by this Commission. Neither shall any existing work of art in the possession of the city be removed, relocated, or altered in any way without the similar approval of this Commission,

except as provided in section 7. When so requested by the Mayor or the City Council, the Commission shall act in a similar capacity, with similar powers, in respect to the designs of municipal buildings, bridges, approaches, gates, fences, lamps, or other structures upon land belonging to the city, and in respect to the lines, grading and plotting of all public ways and grounds, when the property of the city or intended so to be, and located as above mentioned; also in respect to all arches, underground or elevated ways, bridges, approaches, the property of any corporation or private individual within the boundaries of the city, which shall extend over or upon any street, avenue, park, or public place belonging to the city."

The value of such an Art Commission to the city would be incalculable. The pace, amazing even to the French, with which we are progressing artistically, has so far in but slight degree made its impression on the city of New York, which is, beyond dispute, the art centre of the country. This city should be the Paris of America, and when it is, it will discover, as Paris has discovered, that to be beautiful is a source of wealth. To be cultivated is to be able to distance all competitors in the production of every article, no matter how insignificant, into the composition of which taste enters. Paris has achieved this, not by the expenditure of vast sums of money on the arts at one time, but by having an artistic policy, and by never losing sight of it. With such a policy wisely administered, a comparatively small appropriation will suffice. We shall have this advantage, too, over Paris, that our Art Commission (as is the custom in this country) will serve without compensation. The best expert advice obtainable is to be given to the city free.

The Drama

"Heartsense" at the Garden Theatre

THE DEFECTS in this romantic comedy are those which are frequently found in the work of young writers for the stage, including incoherent and confused construction, over-elaboration of plot, and extravagant, conventional and rather childish humor. The authors, Messrs. Charles Klein and J. I. C. Clarke, had the frame-work for a good play at their disposal, but lacked the skill and invention necessary to fill it in properly. Their hero, Eric Temple, is a young composer, with genius but no money, who is in love with the daughter of Lord Neville. His chief rival, both in love and in music, is Sir Geoffrey Pomfret, a rich amateur, upon whose suit the noble father smiles. The young lady, however, has given her heart to Eric, and Sir Geoffrey, perceiving that he is not likely to win by fair means, has recourse to foul. By means of newspaper paragraphs, he excites the enmity and jealousy of Neville against Eric, and the latter, owing to circumstances which need not now be described, is driven from the house with contumely, while his sweetheart is led to believe that he has betrayed her deliberately for the sake of procuring money from another woman. At the same time Sir Geoffrey contrives to steal the only existing copy of the opera which is to be Eric's masterpiece, and the latter is left utterly forlorn, wretched and destitute.

It is only at the end of the second act that interest in the piece begins to quicken. The third act occurs in Covent Garden Opera House, where Sir Geoffrey, having won his suit and prospered generally, is producing Eric's opera, under another name, as his own. The piece wins a triumph, and at the critical moment, of course, the real composer returns from wanderings in foreign places, recognizes his own music, realizes the plot of which he has been the victim, and, encountering the rascally Sir Geoffrey, proceeds to inflict upon him condign physical punishment. Here the play ought to end. The agony is prolonged for another act, but the end is foreshadowed so clearly that all suspense is at an end. The opera house scene—apart from the obvious improbability of such events happening there without interruption—is arranged with considerable ingenuity and is extremely effective theatrically. Mr. Henry Miller, whose wooden action and monotonous delivery had greatly marred his performance in the earlier acts, displayed great vigor and considerable passion in this crisis and stirred the rather cold audience into a condition of demonstrative enthusiasm. The rest of the play was received cordially, but, unless something is done to enliven and clarify the first two acts, it is not likely to enjoy a very prolonged existence. A wholesale elimination of the features which, presumably, are supposed to be humorous, would enhance the cheerfulness of the proceedings. There were some capable performers in the cast who made the most of the crude sketches entrusted to them. Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft distinguished himself especially by a polished and consistent study of the villainous Sir

Geoffrey. He was the real star of the evening, so far as acting was concerned. Messrs. Burbeck and Allen and Miss Comstock also did fairly well. Some of the stage management was rather careless and slovenly, but the general representation was competent, except in the female parts. Perhaps it ought to be added that the period is 1785 and the place London, but nothing was gained by the costumes.

London Letter

THE EXISTENCE of the British Museum is so much a thing of custom with us, that we are apt to forget that the labyrinthine rooms behind the marbles and the sarcophagi are peopled by a number of very erudite and active gentlemen, whose true intent is all for our edification. Every now and again, however, some astonishing discovery reminds us of the energies of Dr. Wallis Budge, or Mr. Fletcher, or Dr. Garnett himself; and during the present week we have been told of the recovery of a papyrus manuscript of no ordinary value. It takes the form of a number of the lost odes of Bacchylides, a poet whom most of us have heard of as the contemporary of Pindar, whom, indeed, a good many of us have encountered in quotation and anthology. But this newly discovered MS. will put Bacchylides in an entirely new light, for whereas his *omnia qua supersunt* were represented until a week ago by some hundred lines, scattered and incoherent, he will now be reinforced by 500 lines in complete preservation, and as many again in separate but not irreconcilable fragments. The value of this manuscript may be further estimated by the fact that of our earlier collection of Bacchylides not more than a dozen lines were consecutive, whereas now we shall have several odes in their entirety, and others that a little conjecture and editorship may reasonably be expected to restore. Here, in fact, is a "find" of the first water, though, as Mr. F. G. Kenyon has shrewdly confided to the readers of *The Daily Chronicle*, these are early days to be dogmatic with regard to the precise worth of the relics. But Mr. Kenyon, who is himself a *savant* of the Museum and a classical scholar of authority and discretion, has read the odes with care, and has much of interest to divulge concerning their character.

It seems that they have much in common with the rival work of Pindar, and that all but three of the odes are *epinikia*: in other words, they celebrate victories at the great national games. It is, perhaps, only when one reflects upon the magnificent triumphal songs provoked by the Isthmian, Olympic and Pythian contests, that one fully appreciates the position held by athletics in the life of Greece. The best poetry of the time was employed to celebrate them, and that with no hack-work result. But this by the way. Of Bacchylides Mr. Kenyon is disposed to think that he is in the main inferior to Pindar. Some of the faults of abstruseness and involution may be absent, but, upon the other hand, the heights of Bacchylides are not as the heights of the great Olympic Odes of his greater rival. There is more correctness, it may be, but less mastery. Bacchylides, in a word, was a minor poet. But among the minors he was *maximus*, and it is no small advantage to have a fairly clear text of him to judge by. For, as in the majority of counsellors there is wisdom, so, among the multiplicity of poets, we get a more satisfactory sense of the literary attitude of the age. Literary taste and direction are not always best traced in the masterpieces of the immortals; the undertow is often enough the main current making seawards. So that even the superior critic may find in the Bacchylides of his time things at first sight undreamt of by his superiority.

The steamer that carries his letter to New York will have on board her one of the most hopeful of contemporary dramatists in the person of Mr. Louis N. Parker, who sets out for America to superintend the production of a new play. Those who keep a careful eye on the London stage have recognized for some time that Mr. Parker was a power to be reckoned with; but it was not until the production of his admirably successful "Rosemary" that he became a public character in the wider sense. The present writer may, perhaps, claim to be one of the earliest students of Mr. Parker's work; for, as long ago as 1882—when he was a fifth-form boy and Mr. Parker a master to tremble before,—he, that is I, spent all his weekly pocket-money in acquiring a copy of the first play Mr. Parker ever wrote, a comedy called "The Bracelet," printed by a local man at Sherborne, and now declared by its author to be "hopeless." Still, it seemed fine drama to the fifth-form boy of fifteen years ago, and no doubt there are other old Sherborne boys who could say the same.

To-day Mr. Parker's success is assured, and he has made many friends to rejoice with him in his good fortune. No dramatist

now writing, perhaps, is more generally popular, for Mr. Parker has the saving grace of talent: he never takes himself seriously, though he is always artist enough to put his best into his work. A strong Ibsenite, he showed the influence of the Scandinavian in several of his earlier plays, but has now settled down into a style more satisfactorily his own. He will be some time in the United States, as he proposes to travel from New York to Boston, and may very possibly enlarge his present plans and go West. Meanwhile, the run of "Rosemary" has been broken to allow Mr. Wyndham to take a much-needed holiday, but it will be restored to the bill before January is out. It continues to be the most popularly acceptable piece now occupying a London theatre, and its authors (for it is written, one must not forget, in collaboration with Mr. Murray Carson) are beset with commissions. Of the new play we shall ourselves hear from America, no doubt, "in due course."

The bookshops were inspiringly full of customers during the week before Christmas, but now things have quieted down again, and people are beginning to talk about the forthcoming "spring season." Of novels none has done so well this winter as Mrs. Steel's "On the Face of the Waters," which has given its author an entirely new position among public favorites. The dramatization of fiction continues apace, and we are shortly to see "The Sorrows of Satan" at the Shaftesbury Theatre. At present there is said to be a deadlock between rival adaptors, which threatens to postpone the production for a few peaceful weeks. The success of "The Sign of the Cross" has inevitably inspired imitators, and an opulent attempt has been made to give "The Pilgrim's Progress" a stage-setting, unfortunately with somewhat disconcerting results. The first-night audience behaved itself but ill, and the manager was fain to remonstrate with the gallery at the close. Yet there was a capital cast, and much money had been spent upon the scenery. Evidently, something more is needed; and Mr. Wilson Barrett is, perhaps, more perspicacious than the uninitiated would imagine.

LONDON, 1 Jan. 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Notes from Paris

THE CHIEF event in educational circles in this city, last month, was the conversion of the Academy of Paris into the University of Paris. The principal speaker at the brilliant ceremonies was M. Ernest Lavisse of the French Academy, and Director of Historical Studies at the Sorbonne. His address was witty and replete with strong thoughts, and was delivered in that firm and peculiar tone of voice which sounds almost like a meridional accent, though M. Lavisse was born not many leagues from Paris. On this occasion he again proved that he is one of the pillars of the University, the right hand of the Rector, M. Gréard. M. Lavisse unites a sturdy figure to a solid mind. "He has the *poing* of an ideal Napoleonic minister," remarked one of his colleagues to me the other evening. And withal, there is a cordiality in his manner that fascinates and makes him one of the most popular men in Paris educational and literary society. By the way, M. Lavisse, who is also editor of the *Revue de Paris*, has requested Mr. Bryan to prepare a long article on the Silver Question in the United States. Just a week after his real success at the Sorbonne meeting, M. Lavisse was the chief orator at still another inaugural event—the first dinner of the American University Club, a new institution in the college element of the American colony here. In replying to the toast to the University of Paris, M. Lavisse dwelt upon the advantages of this new departure in higher education in France, and praised certain features of our own university system.

And this compliment was fully repaid a few minutes later, when Prof. William M. Sloane, who now fills at Columbia exactly the same post as Lavisse at the Sorbonne, responded in most eloquent terms to the toast in honor of the universities of the United States. Prof. Sloane, by the way, is hard at work in the National Library revising the fourth volume of his "Life of Napoleon," which, like the first one, will differ in many particulars from the text of the *Century* articles. Prof. Sloane has accepted an invitation to write an article on Napoleon for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

The editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, I need hardly say, is M. Ferdinand Brunetière. At the University banquet just referred to was read a cablegram from President Gilman, congratulating the Club on its organization and confirming a report current here that M. Brunetière is to lecture in the spring before the students of Johns Hopkins and Columbia, on "The French Poets of To-day." I may add that the gifted Academician is looking forward with real pleasure to his American tour, which, however, will not extend be-

yond the month of April, for he must be back in Paris in May. He will visit, besides New York and Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Boston, where he may repeat his lectures. These lectures, nine in number, will be delivered in French, for, though M. Brunetière can read our language with ease, he can speak it only with difficulty. While on your side of the ocean, he will furnish an article to *The Forum*. You will find M. Brunetière a typical Frenchman, by which I do not mean the type seen in the comic papers, with goatee and waxed mustachios. He is somewhat small of stature, pale and thin; his clothes have an original cut and are often of rather striking hues, especially the waistcoats, and his manner, though a little distant, is exceedingly polite and graceful. He makes a good impression on the platform, but a still finer one on his horse, some good judges of equestrianism pronouncing him one of the best riders in the Bois.

I learn from him that during the first months of next year some very notable articles are to appear in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Lefebvre de Béhaine, late Ambassador of the Republic to the Pope, and who earlier in his diplomatic career held important posts in Germany, will write on "Leo XIII and Bismarck." M. Costa de Beauregard of the French Academy will offer a study entitled "Chateaubriand as a Diplomatist," which will contain a number of unpublished letters of the celebrated author. M. Émile Ollivier will examine "The Presidency of Louis Napoleon and the Coup d'État." This, with his other articles which have already appeared or will appear in the future concerning the Second Empire and Napoleon III, is to form a part of M. Ollivier's *magnum opus* on this period of French history, which I have already referred to in your columns. But the text as it appears in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* differs in many respects from that which will be found in the volumes. Two other historical articles of note will be M. Albert Sorel's "Europe and the French Revolution" and M. Albert Vandal's essay on the Consulate.

Another contribution to Napoleonic literature will be a new work by M. Georges Firmin-Didot, whose "La Captivité de Sainte-Hélène" I noticed in your columns last summer. He writes to me:—"I am just finishing a volume on the beginning of the Restoration, in which will be brought to light unpublished documents concerning the sojourn of Napoleon on the island of Elba."

Speaking of M. Émile Ollivier, a moment ago, reminds me of an item which I have seen in your columns and elsewhere, to the effect that he means to make public some unpublished manuscripts of Lamartine. This is a mistake. It is true that M. Ollivier received from the adopted daughter of Lamartine the MSS. of her uncle, but they were all published during the poet's lifetime, and so contain nothing that is not already known. The most important of them were deposited at the National Library, in accordance with the wishes of the late Mme. Valentine de Lamartine, and the others were returned to M. de Montherot, one of her legatees and cousins.

J. H. Rosny, the novelist, is engaged on a number of short tales, an Egyptian story whose action occurs during the reign of Thothmes the Great, and a novel whose theme is *la femme libre*. The aim of this last romance is to prove that women can scarcely ever be happy in French society as it is now constituted, "because," as M. Rosny puts it rather obscurely in a private note, "she sacrifices herself, if she is attractive, to future hopes." This "eternal woman question" is quite to the fore just now in the French book-world. Besides M. Rosny's fictional study of the subject, two or three new volumes, examining it from various points of view, have come under my eye. M. Jules Bois's "L'Eve Nouvelle" (Paris: Chailley) also condemns the French social system in its treatment of women, and comes out squarely in favor of their "emancipation." M. Léopold Lacour, one of the most effective of Parisian *conférenciers* and an exceedingly brilliant conversationalist, published a few days ago a still stronger defense of the modern woman, "Humanisme Intégral" (Paris: Juven).

One of the ablest European leaders in this reform—Baroness Alexandra Gripenberg, President of the Finnish Women's Association—has just returned home after a six months' sojourn in France, Italy and Spain, where she has been collecting materials for her important work on "The Condition of Women in Europe and America." The first volume appeared two years ago, and the second will not be ready till at least two years more. But as it is printed in Swedish and Finnish, it cannot have a large circulation outside of Scandinavian countries.

Senator Fabre's tragedy of "Joan of Arc," which was acted in this city a few years ago, and which I have already mentioned in these letters, is to be brought out in an adapted form by Mr.

Augustin Daly at New York in the spring, with Miss Ada Rehan in the title rôle.

Mr. Paul Bartlett has sent to Washington from his Passy studio his allegorical group, "Law," which is to be one of the series of sculptures at the base of the dome of the National Library. His heroic-sized statues of Columbus and Michael Angelo, which, with others, are to stand between the pillars supporting the dome, are nearly ready to start on their voyage. They are both fine works and will greatly add to the growing reputation of this young Franco-Connecticut sculptor.

Mr. Charles E. Wilbour, who died recently at his Paris home, was a graduate of Brown and the New York University Law School. He was one of the ablest members of the *Tribune* staff during the days of Greeley, and while an active journalist issued excellent translations of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" and Renan's "Life of Jesus." He had resided in Europe for the past quarter of a century, devoting himself to Egyptology, and for many years spent every winter in his own dahabiyeh on the Nile, reading, measuring, deciphering and noting. Mr. Wilbour leaves a large and important library on Egyptology and a mass of manuscript material. His widow, Mrs. Charlotte Beebe Wilbour, was well known in New York during the sixties as a leader in reform movements. She divides with Mrs. Croly the credit of having founded Sorosis. Mrs. E. W. Blashfield, wife and collaborator of Mr. E. H. Blashfield, the painter and art writer, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbour, and Mr. W. C. Brownell of Scribner's is a near relative of the former.

PARIS, December 1896.

THEODORE STANTON.

Slang in Literature

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Is the language of "Chimmie Fadden" and "his likes" to become the literary vehicle of the future? There are, here and there, indications which point alarmingly towards that calamitous end. In his recent volume, "Literary Landmarks of Venice," Mr. Laurence Hutton says:—"That which first strikes the observant stranger in Venice to-day is the fact that the Venetians have absolutely and entirely lost their grip on the beautiful." Surely, so exquisite a theme as Venice is entitled to a phrase more "choicely written." Mr. Hutton, from the evidence, had—only temporarily, let us hope—"lost" his own "grip on the beautiful."

In the "Letter-Box" of *The Bookman*—which announces itself as, and is currently supposed to endeavor conscientiously to be, "a literary journal,"—the editor informs a correspondent that he "does not quite understand the essence of the subject that he is trying to tackle." Slang is for the humorist and the jovial conversational organs of literary Bohemia, but for the serious consideration of fine themes, surely the most dignified and beautiful words of our beautiful language are none too good. Next to education in pure patriotism, the great need of this nation is education in choice English.

NEW ALBANY, IND., Jan. 1897.

EMMA CARLETON.

"Gringos"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In looking over an 1896 volume of *Harper's* in the Newberry library, the other day, I came upon a page of Mr. Hutton's reviews in the back of the March number. At the foot of this page are some marginal notes in lead-pencil, referring to a statement of Mr. Hutton's, introducing a review of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America," to the effect that etymologists were not clear as to the derivation of the word "Gringo." The notes read:—"Years ago, American sailors were singing a song in a Mexican port commencing with the words 'Green grow,' etc. The Mexicans, catching the sound of the first words, called the sailors, and henceforth all Yankees, Gringos. In some places Americans are called Machos." This does not sound altogether unnatural, and some further notes of the same commentator on an upper margin show him (or her) to be quite well acquainted with Spanish lore and the Spanish language.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1897.

EDMUND S. HOCH.

CAPT. SLOCUM, who is sailing around the world in a cat-boat, or something equally small, reports that Juan Fernandez (Robinson Crusoe's Island) has not disappeared.

The Modern Language Association Meeting

DURING the Christmas holidays, the Modern Language Association of America met in Cleveland, at Western Reserve University; and the recently affiliated Central Division of the Association held its second session at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. To judge by the papers read at the two meetings, the national society represents the North and the East—from Ann Arbor to Providence,—while the younger branch represents the West and the South—from Chicago to New Orleans. To both, papers were also sent from a greater distance: one from Prof. Brandl of the University of Berlin to the meeting at Cleveland; and two from Profs. Fluegel and Goebel of Stanford University to the St. Louis convention. The national society was represented by such institutions as the Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Michigan, Cornell, Western Reserve and Brown universities, and the University of the City of New York; while the Central Division drew from the University of Chicago, Stanford, Missouri, Indiana, Purdue, Washington, Millsaps, Bethel, and the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama. At Cleveland, there was one paper dealing with a general subject; four dealt with Romance subjects, and twelve with Germanic, seven of them being in the English field. At St. Louis there were one general, one Romance, two German, and ten English papers—that is, twelve Germanic out of a total of fourteen. The great preponderance of English studies in both modern language conventions is not wholly surprising, and its importance must not be overestimated; nevertheless, it is a matter worthy of the consideration of the representatives of German and Romance studies. At the meeting of the national society there were but four papers dealing with strictly literary matters, as against eight treating linguistic subjects and three of a miscellaneous character; while at the St. Louis meeting there were eight literary topics to six linguistic.

This might at first sight be interpreted as indicating an unexpected predilection on the part of the Western and Southern men for literary studies, and a corresponding philological tendency in the North and the East. But, if the wheat be separated from the chaff, this apparent distinction largely disappears. Moreover, of the St. Louis papers classed as literary, Prof. Fluegel's paper giving new interpretations of certain passages in Chaucer's Prologue, and also Prof. Goebel's, on the original form of the Sigfrid Saga, were philological in the broad sense of that term; and, on the other hand, the thoughtful paper sent to Cleveland by Prof. Henry Wood of Johns Hopkins, on "Goethe's Sonnets," and that by Prof. F. N. Scott of the University of Michigan, on "Diseases of English Prose," easily outweighed several of the literary essays read at St. Louis, while so high and clear a note is seldom reached in the academic treatment of literary criticism as that struck by President Thomas in his address on "Literature and Personality," in the Cleveland Public Library. Of the philological papers, a few may be mentioned as making original contributions: at Cleveland, a paper by Prof. Hempl of Ann Arbor, explaining the origin of such forms as "learn'd," "bless'd," "kill'd," as opposed to the adjectives "learned," "blessed," "naked," etc.; a paper by Dr. Bonnotte of Johns Hopkins, defining the boundaries of the *ka*- and *che*-districts in the North of France; and a paper by Prof. Hensch of Ann Arbor, showing the probable spirantal character of Gothic *b* after *r* and *l*. At St. Louis, a paper was read by Prof. Weeks of Missouri, on experimental phonetics, a subject in which he is probably the leading worker in this country; and a paper on the orthography of certain Tuscan MSS. was contributed by Prof. Bruner of Chicago.

The new President of the Association is Prof. Cook of Yale; its next meeting will be held in Philadelphia.

Education

Mr. Warner on the Reading of Children

IN HIS address before the Public Education Association, on Jan. 8, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner spoke at great length on what children ought to read. We have, he said, only lately come to understand the value of literature as a part of the life of the individual.

"When I went to a district school as a boy," he continued, "I got more bad air than good in the school-room, and the instruction was of the same sort. It is as bad to put weak thought into the mind of a child as it is to shut it up with bad air. The idea of beginning the young mind with something worth while is growing among teachers. There are always persons ready to give us what we want. So as soon as literature for the young was wanted, our shelves were covered with books about 'Little Johnny and the Pig,'

and 'Did the Pig Have a Curly Wig?' and 'Did Johnny Love the Pig?' Finally we discovered that we needed something else, and at the same time made the great discovery that the teacher himself must know something himself—a revelation to many people. The teachers are beginning to understand that they must themselves be in the stream of literature, in order to teach it properly. Rather than all the dates in history I would have a child learn to love one sweet poem, even a minor poem, that made it want another. Teachers are beginning to understand that it is well to open a door that goes somewhere, instead of into a hole in the ground. The door should lead into the world of ideas, which is the world of history also. Literature is not an accomplishment, something to round off an education, but it is the vital substance of the child's mind. The sympathy with real literature should be put into the child's mind very early, for it is marvellous how apt the child is to take the wrong thing. How easy it is when the child is from six to ten to turn its mind to what really develops and calls out the natural capacity. A child at that age is interested in any real story, and any real story is good literature. I never knew a child in an intelligent family that was not absorbed in the story of the 'Odyssey,' and which did not take all the genuine things with eagerness. Why, the Little Pig is nowhere, and Jimmy, compared with Ulysses, is nowhere, in the interest of an ordinary child.

"The non-literary teaching is bad not only for the child, but for the teacher. We should all be idiotic if we had to read ordinary text-books for a year. The teacher, if he is to grow, must feed on real things, and the child knows at once the perfunctory things. It then thinks of outdoors as life, and why should not life be indoors? Let John Burroughs talk, and life is indoors. He does not write for children. I wish nobody had ever written a word for children. The silly people who try to write down to children had better try to write down to themselves. Of all the worst influences of modern life, one of the most diluted is what is called children's literature. I would give a child no literature I did not like myself. Not that children should read Kant, or John Stuart Mill, or even Tourguéneff or George Eliot; but there is plenty that is full of life, that will strengthen and invigorate the mind, that a child can understand, and that will call it, as it goes along, into the higher walks of literature. A word about a kindred subject. While I am a great advocate of kindergartens, there is too much babyishness there. The child is quick to take impressions, and they mix colors dreadfully there."

Mr. Warner closed with an explanation of how these more indirect, sub-conscious impressions from surroundings aid in the formation of the child's mind, particularly at an early age, and how much needed, in consequence, are cultivated teachers and refined physical surroundings.

President Gilman's Address to College Men

AMONG the speakers at a special service for students and college men at Calvary Church, on Jan. 10, were Bishop Potter, Dr. Van de Water, Chaplain of Columbia University, and President Daniel C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University. President Low read the lesson. Dr. Gilman's address, on "The Responsibilities and Opportunities of Educated Men," was in part as follows:—

"I should be false to my position before you by uttering only commonplaces to which all subscribe, so let me call your attention to five points of duty. The first is the necessity of bestowing greater attention on the public schools of our country. The second is, that the progress of thought in our day has led wise and benevolent men in England and our country to a strong belief that the bestowal of alms without friendly help will ultimately do more harm than good, and plans are now organizing by which the benevolent are to be brought more in contact with the poor and needy. The third point is, that it is important for you as educated men that the right doctrines of science be held. Wherever there is exact knowledge, there is science, and wherever is science there should be the coöperation of educated men. We hear much of the assertion that science is hostile to religious faith. My young friend, whenever you hear a wrong, correct it. The revelations of the laws of nature are but the revelations of the laws of God. The fourth point is the importance for young men to give their attention to politics. In a country where everything depends on the votes of the majority, it is our duty to see, as educated men, that right doctrines triumph, and there is no time like the present for the work. The fifth point is the attitude that young men should take toward religion. I do not think with those who assert that this is a period of great infidelity. History shows us other periods such as we are going through. We have made vast advances in all that pertains to the Christian religion. The Christian religion is

the foundation of all law, of all literature, and to be hostile to the Christian religion is to be hostile to the country in which we live. We dare not be hostile to the religion which underlies all our life."

Educational Notes

PRESIDENT Timothy Dwight of Yale, who returned to his home in New Haven on Jan. 2, after a six months' trip to Europe, has resumed his official duties.

The New Haven assessors have taken the first step in the direction of a general taxation of those properties of Yale College asserted not to be used for educational purposes, by preparing a list of some thirty pieces of property owned by the College in that city, with a valuation of \$439,782. The list comprises White, Berkeley and Pierson dormitories, and the old gymnasium, but no piece of property upon the Campus is included, because it is believed that this would complicate the law suit that may follow with a question of the original gift of the land for educational purposes. Should the assessors be sustained by the courts, it is expected that such property will be taxed as well. Last year the College paid taxes on property assessed at between \$50,000 and \$60,000.

Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson of Columbia lectured on "The Veda, or Ancient Hymns of India," before the Quid Nunc Club of this city, on Jan. 15.

Prof. Charles Sprague-Smith will begin his second series of ten conferences upon comparative literature at the Carnegie Lyceum, on Feb. 6, at 10 A.M. The work will be devoted, this year, to "Comparative Studies in the Drama." The supplementary papers will be read by Messrs. Thomas Davidson, George L. Beer, Hamilton W. Mabie, Edgar S. Kelly, Profs. M. L. Earle, Calvin Thomas, James R. Wheeler, Alcée Fortier, Thomas R. Price, George M. Whicher, William C. Lawton and Carlo L. Speranza, Drs. Luis A. Baralt, B. D. Woodward and C. H. Page, the Rev. M. St. C. Wright, Mrs. Laura Stevens Allen, Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, Mrs. Blanche Zacharie Baralt, Mrs. Sarah Cowell Lemoine, Dean Emily James Smith and Misses Abby Leach, Marguerite Merington and M. E. J. Czarnomska. The lectures will be given on successive Saturday mornings. On successive Mondays and Thursdays, beginning Feb. 8, Prof. Sprague-Smith will give a series of twenty familiar talks and open discussions in the field of dramatic literature.

Ex-Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin has added \$5000 to his recent gift of \$25,000 to the endowment fund of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis.

The Stevens Institute of Technology, in Hoboken, N. J., will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation on Feb. 18-19, with a dinner at the Waldorf and an exhibition of the methods and scope of instruction and work of the Institute. Mrs. E. A. Stevens, the widow of the founder, will give a reception at her home, Castle Point, and there will be a concert and dance in the evening. Stevens Institute has at present a Faculty of twenty-two professors and instructors. Its average attendance is 260 students each year.

A Finnish college has been established in Hancock, Mich., under the auspices of the American Synod of the Finnish Evangelical Lutheran Church. The Rev. J. K. Niklander, the President of the Synod, is at its head.

Bryn Mawr College will offer annually eight competitive scholarships (four of the value of \$300 and four of the value of \$200) to candidates presenting themselves for the spring matriculation examinations, a first scholarship of the value of \$300 and a second of the value of \$200 being open to candidates from (a) the New England States, (b) New York and New Jersey, (c) Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, and the States west of the Mississippi River, (d) Pennsylvania and all places not included in a, b and c.

Presidents of eleven Western universities met at Madison, Wis., on Jan. 6, in response to a call from President Adams of Wisconsin University, to discuss various matters, among them being the relations of their institutions to preparatory schools, and the problem of uniformity of requirements in admission examinations.

The election of Mrs. Jennie C. Crays as President of the Minneapolis School Board may well be chronicled here as of more than strictly local importance. She has been active for a long time in the cause of education, and will fill the post with credit and to the benefit of the school system of the city. She is pledged to support the introduction of the kindergarten system. A notable fact of her election is that it probably makes her a member of the Minneapolis Library Board, and here, too, her knowledge will undoubtedly prove of great benefit.

At its annual meeting, held in this city on Jan. 12, the American Geographical Society awarded the gold Cullum Geographical Medal to Lieut. R. E. Peary for his determination of the insularity of Greenland.

The December *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* chronicled the deaths of Profs. Josiah Dwight Whitney and Francis James Child, and of ex-Gov. William Eustis Russell, one of the University's famous sons. President Norton's memorial address on the young statesman is given in full, and there is an excellent portrait of him.

The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor will establish a social settlement, on the plan of the University Settlement, at 413 West 46th Street. It will be known as Hartley House, in honor of Robert M. Hartley (who for thirty years was so prominently connected with the Association), and will devote especial care to the instruction of girls in home-keeping. The expenses for the first year will be \$10,000, and appeals are made for contributions, which may be sent to Mr. Warner Van Norden, 25 Nassau Street.

The University of Würzburg has awarded to Prof. Behring of Marburg the Rinecker Prize of a gold medal and 1000 marks, for the most important discovery of the last three years—his antitoxin for diphtheria. Prof. Röntgen also is of the Würzburg faculty, which makes the award seem rather surprising to the layman.

A revised and somewhat enlarged edition of the "History of Modern Education," by Prof. S. G. Williams of Cornell, first published in 1892, is now issued, the most important addition being an introductory chapter giving a concise account of the valuable contributions to pedagogy made by the ancient world. An analysis of the entire work, given as an appendix, will be helpful to students and suggestive to teachers. (C. W. Bardeen.)

The Clarendon Press will publish shortly the Hebrew original of ten chapters of Ecclesiasticus (xxxix. 15 to xlix. 11) lately discovered in the East. It was generally supposed that St. Jerome was the last scholar who saw or possessed it, until recently a Hebrew treatise, written by Saadiah Gaon (about 920 A.D.), was found, in which the author quotes several sentences in Hebrew from Ecclesiasticus.

The Tsar has presented to the Public Imperial Library of St. Petersburg the Sarmazacha Gospel, written on purple parchment in the sixth century, which Englishmen and Americans have tried to purchase from the settlement of Sarmazacha in Anatolia, for \$6000. The Czar, desiring to preserve the sacred manuscript in orthodox hands, bought it himself.

Notes

THE Macmillan Co. announces that the compilation of an "Encyclopedia of American Horticulture" has been begun under the editorial supervision of Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell. The work, which will cover the subject in its widest sense, will consist of signed articles by specialists, profusely illustrated by engravings made expressly for it. The articles will be arranged alphabetically, and it is expected that the number of entries will be about 6000, comprised in three large volumes dated 1900. The coöperation of every student of horticulture is solicited by the editor and publishers.

—The February issue of the Temple Classics, published in this country by the Macmillan Co., will comprise the first volume of an entirely new edition of Florio's Montaigne, to be completed in six volumes, which will appear at intervals during the present year.

—Miss M. Kingsley's "Travels in West Africa," shortly to be published by the Macmillan Co., is said to give descriptions of the author's experiences of canoe voyages through rivers beset with rapids and cataracts, of forest marches which brought her into contact with notorious cannibals, of her ascent through tropical vegetation to the bleak summit of a tornado-haunted volcano, and of various shorter excursions of an equally entertaining nature. A résumé of the author's researches on fetiches gives an interesting sketch of the native religions and forms of religious exercise. An appendix deals with the great trade and labor question, the problem occupying all civilized governments of African settlements to-day.

—Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will soon publish "Telepathy and the Subliminal Self," by Dr. R. Osgood Mason, a New York physician, who in this work has collected and expanded a series of papers from his pen, on his own professional experiences, some of the more typical cases investigated by the Society for Psychical

Research, and a number of cases not previously recorded. The book will treat the subject in a popular manner. The same publishers announce for early issue Gavard's "A Diplomat in London: 1871-77."

—According to *The Athenaeum*, Mr. Buxton Forman will shortly publish a work entitled "The Books of William Morris: an Essay in Bibliography," somewhat on the plan of his volume called "The Shelley Library"—that is to say, setting forth in a connected narrative the public appearances of the author in a way calculated to give the student and collector such exact bibliographical knowledge of the whole of the printed works as the present age requires concerning not only great men like Morris, but many minor *literati*. It is intended to give several facsimiles and other illustrations, and to add information about manuscripts.

—Mr. Clement K. Shorter is engaged on a work on Byron and his friends, which is expected to fill a place quite different from that occupied by any previous book. It is not likely that the work will be completed soon.

—Mr. Henley's edition of Byron is apparently to have three publishers in New York: Messrs. George E. Croscup & Co. have 100 copies for sale, Mr. George Sproul expects to have the *édition de luxe*, and the Macmillan Co. will have the regular trade edition. Mr. Henley's notes are as interesting as might be expected, and as unconventional as some of Dr. Johnson's famous definitions in his Dictionary.

—Dr. Nicoll calls the attention of those interested in the binding of books to the first volume of Mr. Henley's "Byron," which Mr. Heinemann has published. The lettering on the back is peculiar—"too small for my taste," he writes, "but I believe the letters were chosen by Mr. James MacNeill Whistler, who also contributed the monogram. The significance of the monogram is one H for Henley, another H for Heinemann, and the two H's together form a lyre, to represent Byron."

—Dr. Nicoll saw Miss Mary E. Wilkins when he was over here, and describes her as "trim and dainty in appearance." We also learn from him that "in Brattleboro Miss Wilkins did some of her first literary work, but on the death of her father and mother she found a home with her Randolph friends, and has remained there. She frequently goes to Boston, where she enjoys everything, from the cultured society of the place down to the popular entertainments. She also diversifies her life by long journeys in America. But she has not yet visited England, although she very nearly came to us last year, and thinks she may possibly do so next summer. Miss Wilkins has no affectations about her literary work. She can write anywhere and at any time."

—Miss Wilkins is engaged in writing a series of sketches of New England neighborhood life for *The Ladies' Home Journal*. They will deal with a small community's social indulgences, including the old-fashioned quilting-party, the time-worn singing-school and an apple-paring bee.

—Some time ago, says *The Daily Chronicle*, Mr. John Murray announced that he had in preparation the unpublished works of Gibbon, the historian. He has now arranged to publish all the three volumes about the middle of this month. When Gibbon died he left several different autobiographies which he had written, and his letters and papers generally, to the care of his friend Lord Sheffield. A volume of autobiography, consisting of extracts from these remains, was prepared and published, but that was necessarily only a preliminary to the publication, which is now to take place, of the whole of the materials. It has been a somewhat laborious task to arrange and edit them.

—Mr. David Gray, son of the late David Gray, a poet of no mean gifts, has been called from the staff of the New York Sunday *World* to become managing editor of the Buffalo *Courier*. This position was ably filled by his father several years ago.

—Jennie Thornley Clarke writes to us:—"In my collection of poems by Southern authors, 'Songs of the South,' recently published by the Lippincotts, the popular lyric 'The Isle of Long Ago' is included and attributed to Philo Henderson of North Carolina, who died in 1852. It has since been shown that these verses were written by Benjamin F. Taylor of Chicago, and are contained in his 'Songs of Yesterday,' published by Scott, Foresman & Co. The poem will, of course, be omitted from future editions of 'Songs of the South.'"

—The enterprising M. Ferdinand Ortmans, proprietor and editor of *Cosmopolis*, is about to add a Russian supplement to that magazine.

—When Henry James selected "The Other House" as the title of his recent book, he was undoubtedly unaware of the fact that this title had already been used in this country by Miss Kate Jordan, whose novel of that name is on the list of the American Publishers Corporation. Miss Jordan has as yet not moved in the matter, nor have her publishers. The latter, by the way, announce paper-bound editions of "Christian Vellacott," by Henry Seton Merriman, "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," by Ambrose Bierce, "Mr. Bailey-Martin," by Percy White, and "Nor Wife, Nor Maid," by the Duchess.

—Mr. John Brisben Walker denies the story that Miss Helen Gould has bought the Cosmopolitan Magazine Building. He says that there has been no meeting, correspondence, or negotiation of any kind on the subject.

—Mr. E. T. Hooley, the South African millionaire, has purchased *The Star*, a London evening paper, for which a number of bright men and women have written, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Pennell. *The Star* has a large circulation, but "no one" ever read it, that is, no one acknowledged that he read it, and the other newspapers ignored it.

—A reading from Bret Harte was given on Jan. 12 by Miss Evelyn Hilliard, at the home of Mrs. Horace Porter. The selections had been arranged in such a way as to give a good idea of the author's whole scope.

—The Japanese evidently appreciate the foreigners who have written good books about them and their country. The centennial of the birth of the Bavarian Franz Siebold, who wrote "Nippon: Archiv zur Beschreibung von Japan" (after twenty-nine years of labor in Europe), was recently celebrated in Tokio by nearly 100 gentlemen, all except eighteen being Japanese. Siebold was once a prisoner in Yedo (1820), and was banished from the country for buying a map. He introduced lilies, peonies, camellias and other Japanese plants into Europe.

—Messrs. Bangs & Co. will sell on Jan. 18-22 the third (last) part of the library of the late Henry F. Sewall. The 1300 items of the catalogue of the sale include a great number of rare old editions, well worthy the notice of collectors.

—The ashes of the late Miss Kate Field now lie in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston, by the side of her mother. The ashes were taken to Boston in a small copper box, carried in a hand-bag filled with flowers. Mr. George Riddle, a cousin of the dead woman, a reporter and the undertaker followed the ashes to the grave, which had been decorated with flowers.


—The most remarkable of the New Year's honors awarded by Queen Victoria is the peerage given to Sir Joseph Lister, who is the first medical practitioner called as such to the House of Lords.

Publications Received

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| Armstrong, William. An American Nobleman | Rand, McNally & Co. |
| Arnold, B. W. History of the Tobacco Industry in Virginia from 1860 to 1894. | 50c. |
| Balsac, H. de. Le Caré de Tours. | 75c. |
| Balsac, H. de. A Harlot's Progress. Vol. I. | \$1.50. |
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